SOME NEW BOOKS. A New Life of Machinvelli.

One of the most important additions to our means of information regarding the Italian Renaissance will be found in the English trans-Intion of Niccolo Machiavelli and Iris Tours, by Prof. Pasquanu Villant (London: C. Kegat Paul & Co.). This is not merely a new attempt to solve the question whether the "Princips" and the " Discorsi " were written by an honest or a dishonest man, but rather to ascertain the meas ure of scientific value belonging to the dectrine contained in them. It cannot be denied that if those theories were false, no virtue of the writer could make them true, while if true, to vices of his could make them false. In order to form an exhaustive and correct judgment of these doctrines, it is manifestly uccessary to make a careful study of the times in which their author lived, and it is this which Prof. Villari undertakes to do in the work before us. Of the two volumes already published, one is devoted to a general survey of Italy in the fifteenth century In the course of which the author traces the gradual rise of what may be called the Machia veltian spirit, before the man himself appeared upon the scene to give it the origina imprint of his political gentus, and to formulate it scientifically. Then, after having to a certain extent studied Machia vellism before Machiavelli, Prof. Villar draws near to him in the second of these volumes, seeking to penetrate his passions and his thoughts, as far as possible, through his own writings and those of his most intimate friends and contemporaries. The present in-stallment of the biography ends with its sub ect's appointment as Envoy of the Fiorentine Government to Rome in 1507, only five years before the reinstatement of the Medici, when the liberties of Florence were virtually extinguished. Thenceforward, Machiavelli being out o office and fallen into the obscurity of private life, his biography may be expected to change its aspect, and to be limited to the examination of his written works and the narration of the

It is a curious fact when we bear in mind the considerable part played by Machiavelli in the offsirs of his native commonwealth, and the place which he occupies in the history of modern thought, that he should have been but sel dom mentioned by his contemporaries, and that after his death none of his friends or acquaintances should have thought of writing his life. As for himself, continually occupied in the observation of contemporary persons and events, he scarcely ever refers to himself or his own past. As a man, as an individual characer, he does not seem to have exercised much Influence upon those about him, his actions be ing either of little importance or exciting little remark. Even his productious business activity was chi-fly of the pen, so that it may be saithat his life was nearly all concentrated in his writings. Under these circumstances the fact which Prof. Vilhari has been able to collect re Inting to Machtavelli's family and early life are extremely scanty.

events in the midst of which they were com-

Machiavelli's father was a jurisconsult o small means, his whole income, which passed to his son Niccolo in 1511, being equivalent in value to about a thousand dollars of our cur rency. From all that is known with certainty. It may be concluded that Niccolo Machiavelli re ceived in his youth the ordinary literary education of his day-by no means, however, that of a man of learning-and that his wide knowledge of Greek authors was gained from trans lations. Neither would it appear that he had cone very far in the study of the law, of which, however, he must be presumed to have had some knowledge, from the fact that his relations intrusted him with the defence of their rights in some litigated business. He sequired all else later in life by private reading, by med-Station, and, above all, by practical experience and knowledge of mankind. His comparatively restricted culture must doubtless in that age when even brigands affected scholarship, have been a drawback to him; but it also had the inestimable advantage of preserving the spontanelty of his genius and his style, and prevent ing them from being suffocated, as so frequently happened at that period, under a dead weight of

Niccolo Machiavelli makes his first appearance in history in the year 1498, the twenty ninth of his age. At that date the storm was already gathering which a few months later brought Savonarola to the scaffold. The Si gnory (as the chief magistrates of Florence, at that time, renewable every two months, were called) were hostile to the Friar, and the sen tence of excommunication against him had alranched Plarance I that Machiavelli came to hear the great preacher deliver two sermons, of which he sent de-tails to a friend in Rome in a letter which has been preserved. In this letter the biographer points out certain noteworthy characteristics of an intellect not merely different from, bu opposed to Savonarola. This young and obcure man, who could remain a cold inquirer in the midst of seething popular passions. could not understand that there was anything great or noble in the Friar. He betened with a mile of irony and scorn to the strange words of the man whom he afterward described as the weaponless prophet. With his pagen reminiscences and sympathies and his profound aversion for everything savoring of priesthood or monkery, he could not reconcile himself to the circumstance of a republic being ruled by the eloquence of a preacher, and his inclina tions bent toward the Friar's executioners. Later in his writings are encountered some ex-pressions of admiration for Savonarola, but these expressions are not entirely free from frony. When the Frinr's ashes were cast into the Arno, matters were more congenial to his ideas; and many changes taking place in the public offices, Machiavelli, who at 29 was still without a profession, set about seeking for an occupation that would give him fair remuneration for his work. He was elected Secretary to the old Magistracy of the Ten, which had been retained under the new Florentine constitu-Hop. The Ten combined the functions of a war office with those of a ministry for home affairs. and consequently had an enormous amount of business to transact. It was also their duty to sespatch ambassadors to foreign countries and to keep up a correspondence with them, alough in these matters they worked in conjunction with, or rather in supordination to the Signory. This post Machiaveili occupied from 1498 until the downfall of the republican gov ernment in 1512, and the tenure of his office may be said to represent the whole of his active

At the date of his first entrance on the stage of Italian history, Machiavelli is described by his biographer as a man of middle beight, siender figure, with spark ling eyes, dark hair, rather a small head, a elightly aquiline nose, and a tightly closed mouth." All about him bore, we are told, the mpress of a very acute observer and thinker. but not that of one able to wield much influence over others. He could not easily rid himself o a sarcastic expression continually playing cound his mouth and flashing from his eyes. which gave him the air of a cold and impassable alculator, while, nevertheless, he was, as a matfor of fact, frequently ruled by his powerful in agination, sometimes suddenly led away by it to an extent befitting the most fantastic of vis ionaries. He applied himself to the faithful service of the Florentine Commonwealth, with al the arder of an ancient republican, inspired by reminiscences of pagen and republican Rome From the outset he seems to have had glimpses of a science of politics. In his first treatise, in doed, composed after a journey in the capacity of envoy, he affirmed the general principle that by comparing what happens under our own eyes with that which, in similar circumstances, occurred in ancient Home, we may succeed in determining what we ought to do since, in point of fact, men are always the same and have the same passions. Of course no absolute, unchangeable rules of action can be deduced from history, for the simple reason that neither circumstances nor human influences and motives are ever precisely reproduced; and the truth is that sele to Machiavalli rafara to blatery as the foun-

tain of fastruction and guide of policy, yet in practice it mainly serves him to fortify and il ustrate maxims which were, in fact, the fruits of his own experience. Having at first no accurate vision of the process by which an everdifferent present results from the past, and peing too uncertain of his method to deduce scientific precision general principles from concrete facts, he sought in antiquity an rtificial and untrustworthy link between the wo. Rude and tentative as this process of conemplating contemporary events by the light of Roman history seems to us, it was a novelty in the fifteenth century, and we can see that Machiavelli used it as a ladder to elimb to a ther world of law and system far above the wearying routine of his daily work amid a solier of petty subterfuge. Urged on by his great powers of analysis and his restless fancy. ie attempted, from the beginning of his public areer, to create a new political science, not, of arse, without failing into exargerations, fre quent at first, and which never entirely disap-

peared from his worke. In 1502 Machiavelit, having proved his ability a previous embassies, was designated Envoy Clesar Borgia, who at that time, strengthened by his relations with France, was threatening Florence and other free cities of Italy. The contact of these remarkable persons is an event not only interesting in itself, but one which exercised considerable influence on the mind of he Florentine Secretary, who first disclosed on this mission the extent of his talent as a politial writer. Still unversed in practical affairs, and by nature and temperament more inclined to thoughtful scrutiny than to action, he now had to face a man who used few words and desired less; one who never discussed a point, but signified his ideas by a gesture or movenent indicating that his resolution was already aken or carried out. While conscious that intellectually he was the Duke's superior, Machiavelli acknowledged himself his inferior as a man of action, and recognized the small use, amid the clash of warring passions and the realities of life, of subtle pondering and overmuch reflection. It is true that Cusar Borgia was pelther a great statesman nor a great captain. He was rather a species of brigand shief, whose strength principally lay in the support of France and the Vatican. He had, nowever, the ability to ereate a State out of nothing, intimidating atl men, including the Pope rimself; and when surprised by a large number of powerful enemies, he contrived to free himself and get rid of them by means of boundless audacity and devilish craft. This audacity and eraft of his wore the qualities which so many then admired, Machinvelli even more than the rest. The Florentine Commissioner had neither ability nor inclination to take part in the rough work going on before his eyes; but in the camp of the Duke of Valentinois his mind, for the first time, began to formulate the idea of giving to politics an assured and scientific basis, treating them as having a proper and distinct value of their own, entirely apart from their moral significance—as the act, in short, of finding the ceans to the end, whatever that end might be. Although the republic which he served was by means overburdened with moral scruples, Machiavelli beheld in Casar Borgia the conummate personification of this political art. He therefore chose him for the type of executive apacity, for the representative "Prince," and it last came to admire him almost as a creation of his own intellect.

Prof. Villari declares that no opinion can be

more erroneous than the conjecture or assertion of many writers that the detestable actions of Valentinois at this period were counselled and directed by Machiavelli. The Secretary's leters abundantly demonstrate that their author was neither bloodthirsty nor cruel; that, indeed, the gentieness of his disposition made all contact with evil doing most repugnant to him. Prequently, during this legation, expressions fell from his pen betraying a certain anguished terror behind a veil of cynicism. It is true that Machiavelli found the amplest materials for study in observing the actions of Valentinois and those around him: It is true, too, that he looked upon politics as abstract from morality. and that he was troubled by few scruples of con cience where state affairs were concerned. Notwithstanding all this the present biographer s convinced, by a study of his private papers, that it was intolerable to one of Machiavelli's disposition to be continually involved in so thick a net of infamous actions, to live among men steeped in crime, ever ready for treachery and bloodshed, amenable to nothing but brute force, without himself having the slightest power c prevent or modify their misdeeds. But finding himself face to face with the realities of life, the modest employee of the Florestine Chancery himself to elicit the ruling laws of human actions in order to formulate useful precepts for the government of men. He sought to know the sources from which the statesman derives his strength, and how he should employ it to attain a desired end. After his return to Florence, with his imagination fired, and his mind full of all that he had seen and heard of the Duke Casar and all the Borgias, Machinvelli wrote innumerable letters relating to those personages. Those writers who have hastily assumed him to have been deceived in his judgment of the true character of the Pope and the Pope's son, are referred by the present biographer to certain extant writings which demonstrate the contrary. In one of these the Duke is styled a man without sompassion, rebellious to Christ, the hydra, the basilisk, deserving of the most wretched end, while the Pope is spoken of in almost identical terms. Yet there is no doubt, as has been said, that it was in associating with Valentinois that Machiavelli's mind first conceived the germ of a science of stateeraft which, like the modern science of political economy, should be separate from and independent of every moral consideration. In such elimination he saw the sole neans of clearly formulating this science, and founding it on a new basis. He was, indeed, going through a process of thought almost identical with that of a man who attempts for the first time to investigate the laws of the rise and decline of the wealth of nations. It was, of course, from this more or less abstract and forced isolation of a single social phenomenon from all the rest that political economy in fact arose, and to this the rapidity of its growth was due, as well as some of the errors from which it has since striven to free itself. Machiavelli, in studying the actions of Casar Borgis, made a distinction of somewhat the same nature. For the moment he nly succeeded in enunciating a few general maxima without rising to a theoretic concepion of principles; neither had he sufficient grasp of his method to attempt to enroll his lews in a body of doctrines. But almost unconsciously his ideas assumed the form of an ideal ersonage, representing an acute, able, and audacious statesman, restrained by no scrudes of conscience, no moral influence, from achieving his fixed purpose, no matter what betacles stood in the path, no matter what acts of treachery and bloodshed had to be perormed. In short, while pondering over the actions of Valentinois, his mind had created an maginary Valentinois, to which, later, he continually recurred. It is the well-known figure which so often makes its appearance among

with severe blame, accorded by Machinveili to Casar Borgia. His praise is generally bestowed n the ideal personage, his blame on the historical. The one, however, is not so different from the other as to prevent us from sometimes confusing them, especially as the author himself occasionally does so, when carried away by his imagination, which seems now and then to dominate him, even when he is apparently reasoning in cold blood. Another event of general historical interest. and of moment in the life of Machinvelli, was his embassy to Rome just before the accession of Julius II., with the opening of

whose pontificate began a new epoch, not only

for Italy, but for all Europe. Machiavelli ar- | powerful European States, such as Spain Ger-

he maxims of the "Discourses" and the 'Prince," as though to recall their primary

origin, and to once more testify that the author had laid the foundations of his policy solely in

the realities of life, without going back to the

Supreme Good, or running aground on any

metaphysical abstruction. In this way Prof.

Villari would explain the great praise, coupled

rived in Rome toward the close of the scandalous manusures by which, according to the Venetian ambassador, votes in the conclave were bought, not for thousands, but for tens of thou sands of ducats. The Important question t which the Plorentine envoy was required to apply the utmost diligence and penetration was the question. What did the new Pope intend to do with Valentinois, to whom he had promised so much? It was also his business to use every art to arouse jealously and batred toward Venice, which was not to prove a diff alt matter, for the germs of the L ague of Cambray were soon discernible. The chief importance, however, of this legation, so far as it onches the life of Machiavelli, proceeds from ta bringing him once more in contact with Valentinois, when fallen from the high estate in which he had first known him. The Secretary now wrote and spoke of him with an indifference and cold contempt which has sean dalized many biographers, who look upon this not only as a flagrant contradiction of all that Machiavelli had previously written of the Duke, but also as a proof of a low nature, only capable of admir-ing successful prosperity and good luck, ready to trample upon his own hero the moment he saw him in the dust. This judgment Prof. Villari thinks erroneous, and pronounces i nothing but the natural consequence of the previous blunder of giving to Machiavelii's admiration for Valentinois a significance and value which it never possessed. Been if a vulgar brugand had had the daring and dexterity to upset a country and subject it to his rule. Machiavelli would have admired his ability and courage. Indeed, the workings of his fancy would have converted the object of his admiration into a sort of imaginary hero, whose prudence and virtue would be lauded in the sense in which the word virtue was employed during the Italian Renaissance. All this, owing to the nature of Machiavelli's genius, the character of the times, and, it may be, the coldness of his heart, which, though certainly not bad, was not easily inflamed by any very ardent enthusiasm for goodness. Naturally enough, too had he afterward encountered the same brigand fallen from his previous position into obscurity and had beheld the man as he was, in all his immoral and repulsive monstrousness, Machiavelli, in pursuance of his customary impassive examination of reality, would have described and judged him in his true light without ary hesitation, any of contradicting himself. In this way Prof. Villari explains his subject's change of at titude with regard to Valentinois as exhibited in his letters to the Florence Chancery. From one of these the following passage has frequently been cited by hostile biographers. Alinding to a rumor that Crear Borgia had been thrown into the Tiber by order of Julius II., he "I really believe that if this have not already happened, it soon may, * * And since the Duke is taken, whether he be alive or dead, we need trouble ourselves no more about him. One sees that his sins are gradually bring ing him to punishment. God grant that all may go well." This is a specimen of the language which so deeply scandalizes those who, after having converted Machiavelli not only into a blind admirer, but almost into the counselloand secret agent of Valentinois, are amazed to perceive that he now speaks of the Duke with cold contempt, and make that a ground for fresh accusations against him. But Borgia's behavior at this juncture appeared to all as it really was oneistent, contemptible, and vile. Instead o detending his badly acquired possessions sword in hand, he became humble and irresolute trusting only to the basest intrigues, and bearing himself toward everybody with abject servility. He is no longer the individual who excited the Florentine Secretary's praise and admiration, and it is not surprising that Machiarelli should almost try to hide the present shabby spectacle from his mind in order not to

ose the remembrance of the observations and ideas which had previously occurred to him. It is further noted by the biographer that although the envoy's present tone may appear cynical to those who had been inclined to exalt him over much, or censure him too sharply, very different was the opinion entertained by his contemporaries. In Fforence, at this time, he was actually blamed for making too much account of the Duke, and to this accusation those least well disposed toward Machiavelli added derision and even calumny. Another observation is suggested by Machiaveili's writings at this epoch. The keep ob-server, who had been filled with admiration for the craft and vicious energy of Valentinois. showed little interest in Julius II., who, despite numerous defects and many crimes, was not without some of the qualities of true greatness he seems to have confined himself, during this

embassy, strictly to his official work, without finding any special matter for study, and with out indulging in any considerations of a general nature or foreign to the subject in hand. He had always cutertained a singular contempt. almost amounting to hatred, for the priesthood. In his opinion popes were, and had ever been, the ruin of Italy; besides, it seemed to him tha the statesman could derive but scanty profit from the study of ecclesiastical principalities, since their strength was derived from religion and since they were the sole States which, how evergoverned, always remained permanent. He did not fail, of course, to recognize that the authority of religion and the power of the Church was still so great that more than one desperate outlaw had been awed by the mere presence of the Pope. Nevertheless, Machiavelli did not believe that this fact could prove very instructive to him who sought to discover the secrets of statecraft, and wished to lay bare in political phenomena the natural causes, the human passions, in which they had their origin. All that was or claimed to be divine was without the sphere of his chosen studies, and had no interest for him. Fate, or the caprices even of fortune, might, he considered, he subjects of investigation, but not the will of God, which, in whatever light it may be regarded, certainly transcends our intellect. The foresight and demoniac cunning of Valentinois had been worthy of study as models of the politician's art. But the blind foolbardiness of the Pope, if a personal merit, was no sign of political tact, and therefore Machiavelli bestowed very slight attention upon it. In the same way that he had separated the political from the moral elements of phenomena, so also he mentally differentiated the art of a statesman from the individual or private character of him who exercised it,

seeking in him only those qualities useful o necessary to the due development of statecraft, We come now to the great practical achievement of Machiavelli's life, a creation which, in its own sphere, may be fairly set against the omposition of the " Prince." During the whole of his residence at Rome his thoughts had been absorbed in the institution of that Fiorentine militia which he had already initiated, and which he was burning to carry on. No sooner was he back in Florence than he set himself. eagerly to work upon his favorite scheme. The republic had long thought of forming a militia of its own, without, however, having any faith in the practicability of the project. Machiavelli had this faith. The almost always unsatisfactory behavior of the civic cavairy, the cowardice of the burgher infantry, who, during an attack on the walls of Pisa, and refused to storm the breach, had convinced the majority that professional soldiers were alone to be tru It was against this opinion that Machinveilt always struggled, endeavoring to prove that the whole evil resulted from the want of good instruction and dis-cipline. He had long been convinced that the ruin of the Italian States was caused by the want of native troops and the necessity of always relying upon mercenaries. He had been further confirmed in his idea every time that he had visited a camp by being himself an eye-witness of the insubordination, insolence, and bad faith of the adventurers to whom the magistrates were compelled to confide the safety of their country. He had seen strength acquired by Carsar Borgia when the latter had made a levy throughout his possessions of one man per household, and thus formed a large nucleus of native soldiery. He observed that all the more

many, France, were faithfully served by armies of their own; that even Switzerland, though so small a country, had, with its free institutions, succeeded in forming the finest infantry in the world. Why could not the Italians, the Floren tines, do the same? Had it not been accom plished by the communes of the middle ages. and was it not the method pursued by the Re mans, the world's teachers alike in the arts of

peace and of war? Such was the idea upon which, during the few years of liberty which yet remained to bis native city, Machiavelli's mind was bent. To give to Florence, and later perhaps to Italy, an army of her own, and with it the strength which she now lacked and the political dignity which weak States never possess, Iwas benceforward the dream of his i . Prof. Villari shows us that to this object Machiavelli devoted himself with so disinterested an ardor, with so conest an enthusiasm, that for the first time his character awakens in us a sympathy and admiration which before it was impossible to feel The cynical smile of the cold diplomatist has vanished from his lips, and his physiognomy suddenly assumes a serious and severs solem nity, revealing to our eyes the flame of genuine patriotism which is burning in his heart and ennobling his existence. If, as father, husband, and son, the biographer has found little to blame in him, there is equally little to admire. Machiavelli's habits were not exempt from the sins of his age. It is true that in the many missions intrusted to him he never thought of using his opportunities for the purpose of worldly advancement, but gave himself up instead to research of the principles of a new science, with an ardor rendering him oblivious of his own personal interests. But this was the disintorestedness of a truth seeker, of a speculative inquirer, of a scientist, not by any means unexampled, even in the midst of the corruption of he Italian Renaissance. When, however, we find Machiavelii straining every nerve to stimuiate the authorities of Florence to found th new militia, when we see him travelling throughout the dominions of the republic, distributing arms, enrolling infantry, writing thousands of letters, and begging to be allowed o continue his study of camps and garrisons it is impossible not to recognize the proofs of deep and sincere self-abnegation in fa-vor of the public good. In his quality of diplomatist and man of letters who had never followed a military career, he could expect no personal advantage from all this, not even one step of promotion in his own office. So far as this business is concerned, it seems to us that Machiavelli deserves his biographer's somewhat enthusiastic commendation, that his sole notive was a pure patriotism of which there were, in his day, but too few examples in Italy, and which, on that account, surrounds his image with a halo such as no other of the most illustrious litterati of his age can bonst.

It would seem, however, that the brightest of Machinveili's actions cannot escape the charge of involving some perplexing contradictions and of provoking the most conflicting judgnents on the part of his biographers. When was to infuse the military spirit into the young liorentine army? The commander-in-chief selected by Machiavelli was one Don Michele, an assesin, a strangler, one of the worst tools of Casar Borgia, the very man whom, but a short time before, the Florentine Republic had made prisoner and sent to Julius II, as a monster of iniquity, an enemy of God and man. This extraordinary choice has always proved a stum ding block to those who would fain think well of Machiavelli, and there is no doubt that, from the modern point of view, it is indefensible. According to modern ideas there should be a bond of unity between leaders and the led; they should be as one body with one conscience. This conscience should personified in him who commands; should render his conduct the higher and more intelligent manifestation, as it were, of the common thought; should render his very severity an act of justice. But whether as regarded armies or governments, Machiavelli or, for that matter, the Italian mind of his time had no perception of the need of any such unity. The new militia of Florence, according to Machiavelli, was to be animated by atruly natriotic spirit, and must, therefore, be composed of honest and well-conducted men. But the individual charged to command and instruct them need have nothing beyond a special canneity for that particular task, which capacity, in Machiavelli's opinion, would be in no way affected by his moral character. Often, indeed, goodness of heart might prove an obstacle to those acts of severity and cruelty which the captain, as well as the statesman, is

sometimes called upon to perform. It is the belief of his latest blogg Machiavelli is either atrociously calumniated or grievously misunderstood by those who pretend that he neither loved nor admired virie. We are reminded of the affirmance so often reiterated in his writings that "No mortal nan can fail to love virtue, to admire it," and it is pointed out that his words in virtue's praise iten rise to a degree of eloquence which is evidently the birth of genuine conviction rather than of rhetorical art. But, for Machiaveili, as for his age in general, morality was an entirely individual and personal matter, the art of governing, commanding, ruling, being not opposed to but wholly independent of it. The idea of a public conscience and moralityintelligible only to him who already has that conception of social unity and vitality which teaches us that for nations, as for individuals, true government is self-government with the inevitable accompaniment of responsibility-this idea was unknown to the fifteenth century and never quite apparent even to the piercing intellect of Machiavelli. To the mind of the middle ages all historical events all social transformations, seemed the expressions of the Divine will which man could neither assist nor prevent. For Machiavelli the social fact had indeed become a human and a rational fact, of which he sought to discover the laws, but for him also the vicissitudes of history, though ascribed no longer to supernatural interference, seemed almost always the exclusive work of princes or of Generals. It is for this reason that-given the required genius and energy-he attributes almost unlimited weight to the arts of the statesman, to his determination and foresight, to the institutions and laws which he may create,

In the concluding volumes of this w whose publication may shortly be expected. Prof. Villari will examine the much discussed political philosophy set forth in the "Prince, by the light thrown on it by his careful picture of the time and his exhaustive study of its author's character. The present installment of a work, which seems likely to be ranked among dassic biographies, ends at a moment as we have said, when the life of Machiavelli passed into a new phase, during which he was increasingly convinced that it was his mission to re-store the old military glories, the old robust

worst boy in town must be relatively brave straightforward, and truthful, for a little slyness and mendacity would enable him to ea cape that bad eminence in reputation, if it did not actually place him in that cate gory of good boys dear to selfish parents and Indolent school teachers. Of course this whole theme has been exhaustively treated by be mester of English fletion in his account of boyhood of Master Bliffl and Tom Jones, Bu will well bear retouching, now and then, not only on artistic but on moral grounds. It does not speak well for adults that some of the best boys should have the worst reputation, and few parents are likely to scan these playful sketches of a child's delinquencies without twinge of self-reproach, that their own laziness and egotism should too often insist on tying up the young in the straitjacket of routine, and branding the attempt to escape from it as

How much patient, keen, and sympathetic bservation has gone to the making of this little volume is not to be measured by the bests reader, or indicated in a brief paragraph What is noteworthy, almost every page of this book bears witness to the author's careful study of his subject not through the medium of literature at first hand. The only passage which seems to have been suggested by another writer is the account of the device by which 'Jack," the hero of the parrative, induces all the boys of his village to assist him in completing a task of wood chopping which had been se him as a penance. This incident will, perhaps recall Mark Twain's story of the lad who gained possession of all the marbles and jack-knives in the neighborhood by reluctantly consenting to allow his boy comrades to share in the rayishing delight of whitewashing his father's

Ministering to a Hobby. You may trust a Boston man with an ide. If you once get it knocked into him, it is liable to stick. It may be difficult to make him see a thing, but when it has finally dawned on him the trouble will be to make him see anything else. Due allowance for this peculiarity should be made in considering the recent performance of Mr. J. G. Dalton, who has caused to be printed at the University Press in Cambridge and to be published, a book of verses entitled Lyra Bicyclia, Forty Poets on the Wheel. In his opening apology the author asserts that the unprecedented peculiarities of most of the verse contained in his book seem to be warrant nough for their collection into a volume. explanation of his entering upon the manufacure of this 'machine poetry,'" he says that, being "one of the very first Bostonians who, in the latter part of the year 1877, began to ride and write into notice the bleyele in this country," he called upon the native poets for song or two for the new move." Th response being quite inadequate to meet the demands of the occasion, which, in his opin ion, needed "sustained bursts of panegyrical ng." the writer, " having little confidence in his own capacity for poetry, sought aid through the old proverb about birds that can sing an won't sing, and soon hit upon the surprising discovery that the meaning of poems can be extracted, and a new one substituted without injuring the poem. So," he says, "the Chi iese will vacuate an egg or an orange of its original contents, fill it with strange confections, and leave no discernible break." A idea of the results of Mr. Dalton's practice may be gathered from the inspection of a few scat tered specimens. Here is a verse from one

A MERRY CAR. By Smith et al. By Sauth et al.
Bisycle, 'us of shee,
Fleet car of ievity,
Of thee I saut:
Wheel I and brothers ride,
And on the still rim's pride,
Up every high fillishle
Drive the great ring.

The survivors of this cannot fall to be gratiled with a verse from "Rotalis Equitatus;" b), who can forcet the first rides, after learning,

For the hardened reader, who knows now what to expect, here is

HYMNLET. Borri positione.

Haupy are we whose joys abound High or the whirling rim, Who Beyes indeed have found, And give the praise to him.

I leave the earth, I rise and go, To be upheld and blest; And that within my breast.

Long may we treed the rapid wheel With undiverted feet; And strength subdue, and flaming scal, The steepest grades we meet.

finally "Mr Topufallor's " ad recognize that post "assisted to new altitudes

n the observation that:

Treadles must now be trampled down Beneath our seet, that we may gain In the bright reads of every town The right of evident domain?

Having no wings, we cannot sear; But we have feet and hands to climb By due degrees, by more and more, The saddled summits of our time.

The seats bievelers reached and kept Were not secured by sudden flight; But they while their companions crept, Were tolling—tumbling left and right.

This person may be forgiven somewhere; but of here! As for ourselves, we have that pinion of him which prompts us to exclaim:

Oh. come, Father Time! come with the nickle, And cut off this flend of the bievele. Who has no more soul than an icicle.

THE SLOW-MOVING OBELISK.

Effect of its Progress upon the Apple Trade

The obelisk is crawling slowly along Nine y-sixth street, on its way to Central Park, and Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who superintends its transportation, hopes that by Saturday night it will be on the Boulevard, when it will travel toward Eighty-sixth street at the rate o about 500 feet a day. It now moves forward at an average speed of, probably, 200 feet a day, and though on one day it was dragged \$29 fee. this was owing to the road being exceptionally good. Ordinarily, the ground to be travelled is exceedingly bad-up hill and rough. The stone is now about 1,000 feet from the river, and the same distance from the Boulevard.

Very little of the obelisk can be seen, as it is almost wholly cased in deal bon is. A portion of the rough base is visible, and by stooping, a view of the side nearest the ground, which is uncovered, may be obtained. But the risk which this experiment entails is almost too great even for the ordinary street boy to engreat even for the ordinary street boy to en-counter, for on the upper side of the obelisk, increasantly walking to and fro, is a mild-eyed, bearded Italian, who guards the obelisk as the terress guards her cubs, and, beading when a bey of inquiring mind bends, he is able to bring a long sitck which he carries into contact with the young student's person with telling effect. Where this guardian of the stone came from, and who appointed him to his present position, are mysteries as great as the origin of the obelisk itself; but there is a rumor, chiefly cur-rent among the hids that have fold his sick, that when the great stone was taken down from the

store the old military glories, the old robust of the obstick steal? but there is a runor, chiefly current among the lads that have felt his stick, that when he are at some was taken down from the measure be familited in part they could only prove noble and generous illusions. Nevertheless, they became in after years the source of imperishable honor for the Florentine Common workship. For when in 1527-fliteen years after the reinstatement of the Medici, and, as it seemed, the float letipse of civil liberty.—Florence ence found herself belenguered by innumerable fore, the followers of Savonarola reaswakeed her ancient love of freedom, and the transiently resuscitated republic was heroleally defended by the very militia which had been proposed and instituted by Niccolo Machiavelli.

M. W. H.

Mr. Habberton's New Story.

This is a delightful book that the author of "Helen's Babies" has given us, under the susgestive title of The Borst Roy m Torca (Putname). We all know in what unorthedox ways an exuberant vitality is apt to spend itself, and most of us have observed that the boys required miscoline was also an instituted by the condition of the susgestive title of The Borst Roy m Torca (Putname). We all know in what unorthedox ways an exuberant vitality is apt to spend itself, and most of us have observed that the boys required miscoline work, because most agaressively and avowedly mischlevous, are far from making the worst were the condition, the quickener of energy, the spour of the spends with the stone from the rush of the spends work, the synonym of novel, active, interesting occupation, the quickener of energy, the spur of the laventive powers? It is clear, too, that the

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

The German-Born Composer who Set the Se and Empire to Rollicking Music. Pants, Oct. 8.-It is only a few months

since Offenbach celebrated by one of those mad suppers of which he was the creator, and of which he had the secret, the hundredth performance of his hundredth piece, "La Fille du Tambour Major," In spite of his le-bleness and sufferings, he toasted very agreeably his collaborators, the artistes who had interpreted his piece and the press who had made him, as he sard, what he was in the eyes of the public, He was expected at the fête that Sardou gave at Marly recently in honor of the golden wedding of his father and mother. But in spite of his efforts he could not walk. It was really a miracle that he lived. And yet he not only ived, but he worked; and on Monday night, when he had no longer strength to cough, he made some corrections in the score of the last act of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," which are now being mounted at the Opera Comique. He d'ed at 4 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday. Oct. 5. He was buried vesterday

I need not dwell upon the mere facts of Offenach's life. He was born at Cologne in 1819, of a family of musicians, learned the violoncello and in 1842 settled in Paris, with his instrument and his hopes for all his fortune. In the beginning he met with many disappointments and, like most struggling men of geniue, often found it hard to make both ends meet. In 1847 Arsène Houssaye appointed him chef d'orchestre of the Comédie Française, and Alfred de Musset, having some couplets to be sung in "Le Chandelier," asked Offenbach to set them o music. This was the origin of the beautiful 'Chanson de Fortunis." Meanwhile, Offenbach with his head tull of melodies, and his heart full of confidence, was getting one little piece played here and another there. In spite of his German birth and his German accent, which he never lost, he became more Parisian than the Parisians themselves. His name was beginning

to get known. In 1855 he obtained the authorization to oper a little theatre in the Champs Elveses, the present Folies-Marigny, just opposite the international exhibition, the building of which still exists and is called the Palais de l'Industrie. It was here that Offenbach began his career of glory with the "Deux Aveugles." In the winter of the same year he transferred his theatre to the Passage Choiseul, and little by little the Bouffes-Parisiens became an indispensable feature of Paris life. An evening at minds as the ante-prandial absinthe is to certain stomachs. "Orphée aux Enfers" brought the reputation of the Bouffes to its height. Offenbach had become the very incarnation of the gavety of his epoch; his music was essentially Parisian, and Parisian of the time of the second empire. It partook at once of music, of carica-

Parisian, and Parisian of the time of the second empire. It partock at once of music, of caricature, and of satire, as if Gavarni and Sardon had laid their heads together to produce exprision a musical form. The motto of the empire was, Let us be amused! France was one grand duchy of Gerolstein, and operatia was its expression. Buffoonery respected nothing, and current morality and decency no more than the divinities of Olympus. One evening at the Bouffes will remain ever memorable in the minds of the Parisians. The heroice of it lives still, ancient monument of a vanished age. Her name is Cara Pearl; her reputation is so cosmopolitan that I need not dweil upon her profession. That evening was characteristic of the epoch, and, as such, it is well perhaps that its memory should be perpetunted. It is common enough, and always has been common in Paris, for Metelia and Marco and the rest of the celebrities of the demi-monds to take advantage of the stage as a means of advertising themselves. Offenbach had the privilege of being the first to reverse the rôles, and attract attention to the theatre by engaging for an ordinary rôle a woman whose only celebrity had hitherto consisted in the amount of money she had spent without having virtuously earned it, or without having concealed the nature and the multiplicity of her vices. The début of Mile, Cora Pearl in the part of Capidon was something phenomenal. All classes of society were easier to be present. The celebrities of the turf, of the aristoratic salons, even the Ministers and deputies, bid against each other for placess. The audience was flashy. You saw nothing but hoads divided by an irreproachable parting—if the fever of life had leit anything to part—soolless gloves, and dazzling linen. As much as £50 had been paid for a single seat. The audience hardly instended to the Erat act, but a lively curiosity manifested to the Erat act, but a lively curiosity manifested to the Erat act, but a lively curiosity manifested to the Erat act, but a lively curiosity manifes

But there was something else in the music of Offenbach besides his infernal charivari of the quadrille of "Orpheet," there was something besides the music of which outrageous debauch hastering to enjoy, as if conscious that it count not hastering to enjoy, as if conscious that it count not hastering to enjoy, as if conscious that it count not hastering to enjoy, as if conscious that it count not hastering to enjoy and the tramp of the Prussian industry getting ready to put an end to the feast. There was something of everything in his inextanustible receptory; the fire and movement that carries with it was masses of people, the broad graps that delicits others, and the tender note that charms all because it comes from the heart and appeals to the heart. This. I take it, is the secret of Offenbach's success and of that popularity which has carried his music from the confines of Asia to the lar W-st of America. The work of Offenbach's success, and of that popularity which has carried his music from the confines of Asia to the lar W-st of America. The work of Offenbach's success, boubtless in his colossal repertory many of his operetins are of interior value, but even in his slightest works you find a very considerable talent and an incontestable individuality. Offenbach's work reflects the epoch in which it was produced. In his Orphee, his Barbe Bieue, his "Grande Duchesse," you find the Paris of fourteen or fifteen years ago. But no living artist can escape the influence of his contemporaries, least of all Offenbach, who was so essentially a modern. His music is really the music of his age. It has all tage diabetes, who was so essentially a modern. His music is really the music of his age. It has all tage diabetes, who was so essentially a modern. His music is really the music of his age. It has all tage diabetes, who was so essentially a modern. His music is really an of our age, and these qualities, have rendered it popular, not only in France, but all over the civil contents. There has always been among musicians a

mar not only in France, but all over the civilized world.

There has always been among musicians a prejudice against the "genre Offenbach." even if they admit the marsho's talent, they say that he did not know his rudiments; that he was like an author of genius who did not know how to spell. Doubtless Offenbach sacrifized high art to success; few, however, are aware that at one time he treated with extreme rigor all who did not remain faithful to high art. His contemnt for Adam and Clapisson was boundless. This, was at the time when Offenbach was a poor violoncelist, gaining a little money by giving lessons and playing in salons, twenty-five years ago, He then wrote some critical papers in L'Artiste. They have never been collected, and it is generally believed that Offenbach first appeared as an author when he subhished an account of his trip to America. "Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage" (1877). In these papers written in 1855 Offenbach shows a real knowledge of the works of the masters. His two idois are Weber, and Hector Ferliez. His enthusiasm for high art and his holy wrath against mercantilism in music know no bounds. Nothing would be easier than to turn these withering criticisms against their author and ask him how he had served high art during his lifetime. What would be the use? Whon, in 1873, he became manager of the Gaito Theatre, he sarrificed his fortune to a large extention high art, but he had dhe honor of producing Jeanne d'Arc," by Gouned and Barbier; "Le Gascon," by Barriere, and "La Haine," by Sardou, The spiender with which he mounted these works ruined him, and abandoning his ideato producing Mendelssohns, "Missummer Night's Dream," and of opening the door of this theatre to Barlioz, he was obliged to try and recover himself by reviving some of his own boundards was attended him to his he was dead and the was slivays at work and always at pleasure. In that frall body there was indemitable enemy which set the not his feet again.

I do not supcose that during his long career offenbach sacrifize

confined him to his couch; he rose again gayer, more nervous, and more adout than ever. His strange physiognomy was familiar to the Parishus both in the theatres and on the boulevard. He was a Jew turned to French Christianity; when I do not know, but probably at the time of his marriage with Mile. Mitchell, the sister of the Bonapart of Deputy. Robert Mitchell, His features were Jewish; a pointed nose, two sparkling eyes, hollow cheeks, long spiral whiskers somewhat after the Dandreary style. On his nose in eveglass. As for his body, it was lost in the midst of the cothes that floated loosely around him. But in this phantom, this skeleton, what movement! He realized the rare combination of a musician and a wit. Each of his notes was an epigram.

In business Offenbach was a bourgeds after the style of flazac's tesar Birotteau. When he became manager of the Gaité he was rich. He had, I have been told, between thirty-five and forty thousand france, When he gave up possession of the thours he had lost all his

thirty years' savings, but he had paid his deb He went home with 500 francs in his cocket, begin life over again. Even his friends used laugh at his vanity. Many ancedotes have be told on this point. Here is one which do not remember to have seen in pri It was at the time when offends used to spend his summer variation Ems, whose little theatre has had the princer many of his works. The little German villa at which the steamer lands was about to has gurate some monument; the streets were It was at the time when Offenbach used to spend his summer varation at Ems, whose little theatre has had the primery of many of his works. The little German visings at which the steamer isade was about to insagurate some monument; the streets were all flags and gayety, and the pensants were walking about in their Sunday clothes. They were at pecting some influential person from Westbaden, who was to preside at the bangua and make a speech; the cannons were the President did not come. After waiting we hours a delegation was sent to Westbaden, Three hours passed, but neither President of delegates appeared. In the afternoon a desonities of the president of the standard out; send money to return. The wrethest delegates appeared. In the Aternoon a desonities and money at roulette. Meanwhile and iest all their money at roulette. Meanwhile and iest all their money at roulette. Meanwhile and bear of the steamer was Jacques Offenbach and condities and the steamer was Jacques Offenbach, who was coming to Ems to cloud the steamer was Jacques Offenbach, who was coming to Ems to private heart, and the summer. As the steamer approached the summer, As the steamer approached the summer, and struck up "Ortholoch as a private heart," At lah!" Itought offenbach, and the summer and drowned their words. Offenbach, and the frium had a control to the president, but the just the flowers, the drivate heart of the President. Offenbach was uppressed alone early morning, broke out and drowned their words, Offenbach in whith savetest amile. It hank you! I hank you it had you for your kind reception." The Mayor the summer was no very body's lips a

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when they met him, in order to conjure the influence.

Off-subach was not troubled by remorse, unless it were for the bleasures which he had not enjoyed; or restret, unless it were that he could not continue to live forever as he had lived. Up to the last he preserved his gayety and his judistry, and with him vanishes one of the first or six Parisian figures of other days. Of lata nowever, he had begun to anticipate his end and only a few days ago he said to M. Carvalho, anropos of his "Contes d'Hoffmann," Mate haste to mount my piece: I am in a hurry, and my only desire in this world is to be present at the first performance." Death came upon him too soon for his wish to be read zed.

AN OLD PILOT'S DEATH.

Reminiscences of the Time when the Stary and Stripes were Carried Out to Sea. Capt. Titus Barker, one of the oldest of he Hell Gate pilots, died on Thursday, in his ome at 21 Cheever place, Brooklyn. He was

in his 60th year. "Capt. Titus, as we called him," said Pilos Lock wood, yesterday, " was one of the smartest pilote that ever put a foot on a ship's deck. He was one of the old style. He served his appren-ticeship in the thorough, old-fashioned way, under his uncle, Jesse Barker, I believe, who was one of the original Hell Gate pilots, and who died, last summer, at the age of 98. In those days, over half a century ago, lads were bound apprentices at from 12 to 15 years of age They served until they were 21, and then they were required to work two years more as deputy pilots. Then, if one of the fourteen first-cine pilots died or resigned, the deputy got a chance. This long training made boys first-class pilots. knowing every part of their business at well as you know your own house. But things are different now and apprentices be-come pilots as soon as they have served their time. My father, the oldest H-il Gate pilot livthings are different now, and apprentices become pilots as soon as they have served their time. My father, the oldest H-il Gate pilot living—he is 86 years of age—and Jesse Barker were among the first pilots appointed. My father was cattain of a packet sloop running to Bridgeport. Conn., when the good people of this city came to the conclusion that they wanted trusty men to pilot their growing commerce through Hell Gate. Capt. Titus Barker and Lwere among the earliest incellies. My father, who now lives on City Island, started the first line of stages that ran in this city. His line ran from Old slip to the Dry Dock. When Gen. Lafayette came to this country a coach was built to convey him about the country, for in those days there were no railroads or steamboat lines. After he returned to France, my father bought the coach and put it on his line. In those old days, when Gen, Itius and twere 'orentices, pilots had the pleasure of taking the Stars and Stripes to sea; but now we have to work almost entirely under foreign colors, and it will grow worse until we have a party in power that has some regard for the shipping interest, My father sailed Ships under the Stars and Stripes and under a Democratic administration so long that he will not allow the Republican party to be mentioned in his presence. He regards it as the enemy of the business in which he grew from boyhoodic old age. I can remember that when Gen, Jackson was received at Caste Garden my father took me, a very little fellow, to the reception. My father was well known as a true-blue lemocrat, in those days, and the General shoot his hand warmly. But I ventured only to touch the old hero's coat, and I felt so proud of the feat that I could hardly be speken to for several days afterward. A superb black horse, full of line, was waiting for the General shoot his hand, sat unnoved, and, litting his cocked hat in his right hand, bowed to the spectators. left hand, sat unmoved, and, litting his cocked hat in Lis right hand, bowed to the spectators. His massive face is a picture in my memory to-

day.

Capt. Barker acquired had a competence, it is understood, and had recently lived in comparative retirement. The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon, and the interment will be in East Chester to-day.

A KNOWING DOG.

Toking Care of his Master's Newspaper and Recognizing Sunday.

Mr. Dancer, the newsman who delivers he New York morning papers to the people of Bloomfield and vicinity, has to get up very early in the morning and drive to Newark, four miles away, to meet the newspaper train which leaves New York early. He has many customers on his way back. As no drives swiftly along he gives a populiar whoop, known as a "Jersey yell." before the house of his customer, and then throws the paper into the yard or so the deorstep. At one house there is a large doy. No matter what the state of the weather is this slog is always waiting for the newsman, dust before he reaches this house the newsman, dust before he reaches this house the newsman dust before he reaches this house the newsman dust be out and throws a paper, and when he arrives at the house where the dog is, the shaggy animal so in hand, wagging his tail expectanily. The paper is given a toes, the slog catches it is his mouth, takes it up on the doorstep, and there he patiently waits until his master comes out for it. He never leaves the paper until it is takes from him by some innate of the house. On Sunday mornings Mr. Dander does not have a paper at this house, but he does have one at the first house below. The dog hears the err as usual, but he keeps perfectly still and bretends to be assessed on the does stap. He never mistakes Sunday for a week day. then throws the paper into the yard or on the

To'Prevent Viriscetion.

The President of the Flushing (L. I. branch a the Society for the Presenting of Charley to Associate the actions to the Society for the Presenting of Charley to Associate for a construction of a law to flavority to the Incident for the enaction of the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the continuous points of the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the Associate to the Charles of the Associate to the A

Colonization of Oysters.

An American company sent out yesterday in the Bremen steamship their 1,500,000 small and 75.000 carne ovsters for laying down in the coast of the little lieft from transcriptored. If a souver, and as lay sould sea Auron Island. They over a will be taken in again the assument of 1881. By that time their condition will demonstrate whether or not they are likely to there is the Crimon waters.